Loss and Gain.

An April landscape flushed with tender green;
A level, broken by a broad, clear creek;
A vista 'neath the maple rows, with streak
Of road that meets the arch; all this is seen
Where the road forks; and many a farm house lies
Within the prospect. Sitting by the way
A crippled child, bent low in innocent play,
Raises a sweet, glad face to my unhappy eyes.
Over the field light-footed children run
With merry laughter, but this blessed one,
Fettered, finds dearer joy and envies none.
Can I accept the lesson that I see
Writ even by the wayside here for me?
"Happy is he that, losing, findeth all."
—Margaret Bradshaw.

From Shadow to Sunshine.

One morn I stole upon a little brook
Seeming asleep, by shadows sheltered so,
And sought far down into its breast to look
And if its bed were sand or pebbles know;
But as I bent I caught a mournful gleam
Of a dim face, and knew it was my own;
And with it rose so many a memory dream
I turned away, nor cared if sand or stone
Lay 'neath the waters; then I wandered on
Where the same brook went dancing in the light
Of merry sunbeams; 'twas a lovely sight.
My shadow now, and thoughts of self were gone—
And well I know the pebbles were below,
Because the little waves were laughing so.
—Louis V. Boyd.

IN A MOMENT OF PIQUE.

"You're too good a fellow to be trifled with, Allan," said Charley Leonard in a tone of measured confidence. "I hate to see a woman make a fool of you, and Nora Lindsey——"

"What makes you think she's making a fool of me?" Allan asked, in a quiet way that quite concealed the depth of his feelings.

"My dear boy, you must look at these things in a common-sense light. Miss Lindsey is an heiress—the richest girl in Cambridge; you are——"

"What?"

"Well, you know very well, Allan, that, from a worldly point of view, you are poor, like myself!"

"I have a few thousands, Charley; and then, there's my profession. I could support a wife comfortably on my income. I have enough to make a woman happy, if she loved me."

"Yes, if—if! That's just it!" cried Charley, springing up and pacing the room with a restless stride. "Women don't love nowadays—not with their hearts, at least. It is all fancy!"

Allan looked up, half-quizzically.

"Ah, I thought there was something behind all this cynicism," he said. "You have been playing with the divine fire again. You and your Dulcinea are 'out'!"

"Don't joke about it, Al, for Heaven's sake! It's a home-thrust this time. Three weeks ago I thought my happiness was assured. The woman I loved had promised to marry me; and now, for the merest trifle, she has cast me aside. No wonder I have no faith in women or their profession."

"I'm sorry to hear it, Charley—indeed I am—and I hope it may only prove a lovers' quarrel. But you must not expect me to share your doubts. I will not deny it; I love Nora Lindsey with my whole soul, and I intend to ask her to be my wife."

"Well, I wish you success, Al. Forgive me for meddling, I only——"

The door opened, and a rough old fellow came lumbering in—one of Allan's clients.

Charley picked up his hat and left, with the brief remark:

"I'll see you later."

It was while Allan was engaged with this client that the postman came in and threw down upon the desk a thick envelope, with a graceful superscription that contrasted strongly with the careless dashing style of his business correspondence.

Allan's heart bounded.

His patience hardly lasted till he was alone and could open the letter.

It was rather longer than Miss Lindsey's favors usually were—two full sheets, beginning: "My dear Mr. Westlock," and ending, "Your friend always—Nora Lindsey."

"Your letter was really a favor," she said on the first page. "Seaton is a pretty place, but horribly dull in winter. I shall be so glad to get back to Cambridge! It was very kind of you to ask me to go and see Bernhardt next Wednesday. It will give me great pleasure to do so."

Then the letter rambled on in a pleasant way till the bottom of the fourth page, when there was a complete break.

The second sheet did not go with the first at all. Neither the words nor the ideas were in any way connected.

Allan turned it over and over in new bewilderment, and finally held it perfectly still, when these lines stared him straight in the face:

"I am only flirting with Mr. Westlock, and leading him on for the sake of amusement. Don't distress yourself, my dear Blanche. I know what is best for my own happiness. I shall never marry a man whom I do not love."

The paper trembled in Allan's hands, and he gasped for breath.

"Good Heavens!" he cried hoarsely. "What does this mean?"

Slowly it dawned upon him that, by some mistake, a part of another letter, not intended for his eyes, had been enclosed in the envelope that bore his address. But what did it reveal to him?

Allan crushed the fatal sheet in his hand, and sank down in a chair with a pale distorted countenance.

It was hours before he could command himself; but once he gained the mastery, he drew from his pocket-book two theater tickets, and, taking up a sheet of elegant note-paper, wrote as follows:

"My Dear Miss Lindsey.—Circumstances compel me to recall my invitation for Wednesday next. I enclose you the tickets. You have so many attendants that I am sure you will not want for any escort.—Hoping you will enjoy the performance, I am, yours truly, Allan Westlock."

That was all!

"She shall never know by word or act of mine," he said, as he dropped this note in the box on his way home to supper. "That dream is over, and my happiness at an end for ever; but she shall not know it. I will hide my suffering from her if I die for it!"

That evening, when society was about awakening to the touch of dissipation, Allan Westlock presented himself in faultless attire in the parlor of a pretty up-town residence.

"How fortunate I am to find you at home!" he murmured, as he bent over the slender white hand of a tall graceful girl, in an exquisite dress of pale-blue surah. "But what have you been doing to yourself, Miss Blanche? You are not looking at all well."

Blanche Merle replied with a light laugh, whose studied indifference could not wholly deaden the ring of one sad note.

"It is dissipation, I suppose!" she answered, glancing half-curiously into a diamond mirror, that hung just opposite in a plush frame. "I have been to three balls this week. I was going to another to-night—the Charity Ball, you know—but——"

"Why, I'd forgotten all about it! This is the night. Charley Leonard gave me a couple of tickets. He's one of the managers this year."

Man as he was, and not at all interested in Miss Merle, Allan failed to note the quick spasmodic twitching of her mouth, the dropping of her eyelids, and deepening pallor of her face, when Charley Leonard's name was mentioned.

"By the way, Miss Blanche," he added carelessly, "let us take a look in at the Charity, if you are not too tired."

She was too tired—worn out in soul and body—but here was a chance to hide her aching heart behind the mask of gaiety.

"I will go—for a little while," she assented.

And Allan went for a carriage, while she arrayed herself in a brilliant ball costume.

When she came downstairs again, a robe of shimmering white satin, embroidered with forget-me-nots, trailed after her.

Her eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy; her cheeks were flushed, and a cloud of lace enveloped her blonde hair.

"She is very lovely to look upon," murmured Allan Westlock; "but——"

The image of Nora Lindsey's dark bewitching face, framed in a mass of glossy raven hair, her red lips and dazzling smile, her full smooth throat of creamy olive, clasped by diamonds scarcely brighter than her eyes—it rose up before him.

But he shut his teeth and tried to banish even her name from his memory.

The night wore on.

Blanche Merle's "little while" grew longer, and when, towards the dawn of day, she rode home, pale, weary, and heart-sick, she was Allan Westlock's promised wife.

The engagement was announced in due form the following week. Society was taken by surprise, but the wedding day was fixed, and there could be no mistake about it.

The weeks dragged on, and cards came out finally for the marriage of Miss Merle and Mr. Westlock.

Two days before the wedding, Charley Leonard sat in his office, resting his grave white face in his hands, when the door opened to admit a lady, heavily veiled.

"You are Mr. Leonard?" she queried somewhat nervously, but in a voice that awakened echoes in his memory; "you are a friend of—of—Mr. Westlock's, I believe?"

"I used to count myself so," Charley answered with singular bitterness; "but——"

"Then you will oblige me," she went on hastily. "I am a friend of Mr. Westlock's too, and in view of his approaching marriage, I wish to make a settlement in his favor. But, for reasons of my own, I do not wish him to know to whom he is indebted. Here are two thousand pound bonds which——"

"Two thousand pounds!" Charley cried. "Are you in earnest, madame?"

"Here are the bonds," she said rather peremptorily as she stretched out one little ungloved hand, and laid the pack on the table.

As she did so Charley caught the flash of a magnificent rose-diamond, the owner of which was quite well known to him.

"Miss Lindsey!" he cried. "Is it possible?"

She drew back with a start, but straightened up proudly the next moment, and threw back her veil.

"Yes, it is I," she said with queenly dignity. "Have I not the right to give him this money if I wish?"

"But, Miss Lindsey, consider. Have you thought——"

"Thought!" she burst forth passionately. "Have I thought of anything else, night or day, for weeks past? Do as I ask you. The money is for Allan. Give it to him, but swear to me that you will not tell him it was I who——"

"Do not excite yourself so, Miss Lindsey. You are ill, you——"

"Promise me you will not tell him!" she cried frantically.

"No, no; certainly not."

Her passion subsided in a moment.

"There is only one thing more I have to ask of you," she said abruptly. "Forget this visit. Let it be as though it never had been."

"If you wish it," Charley answered.

And he had barely uttered the words ere she was gone.

On the table lay the packet of bonds.

"I was wrong," he muttered. "She did love him, after all. It was Allan who was trifling with her."

That evening, for the first time in months, he called upon Allan.

"Where have you been hiding yourself?" his friend cried, holding out a hand which Charley ignored entirely.

"I cannot shake hands with you, Allan," he said abruptly, "till I am sure you are not the knave I have been led to suppose you are."

"How?"

"Why did you lie to me about Miss Lindsey? You told me you meant to ask her to be your wife."

A change came over Allan's face, and for a moment he looked at his friend sadly.

"Charley, he said, "I wouldn't say this to anyone but you. I am wretched. I love Nora Lindsey with my whole soul, but I have found out that she is utterly unworthy of me. You told me so, but at first——"

"I was blind, insane, irresponsible!" Charley cried. "She is the noblest woman I know. You love her and she loves you, Allan. I know it."

"Impossible!"

"I tell you it is true."

"You are beside yourself, Charley. And if it were true, what then? Two days hence I shall marry Miss Merle."

"No, you will not!" Charley cried excitedly. "You shall not wreck the happiness of four lives at once! There is yet time, Allan. Retreat! You must—you shall! Blanche Merle was to have been my wife—not yours! It is I whom she loves—not you!"

"You, Charley? Was it she who——"

"Yes, it was she! How dared you attempt to steal her from me?"

Allan's face was very white.

"Why did you not tell me before?" he cried. "Do not stand there railing at me! I will go to Blanche at once!"

"Not without me!"

"You may come."

They both presented themselves at Miss Merle's an hour later, but Allan asked to see her alone, and was shown up-stairs to the sitting room.

As he drew aside the heavy *portiere* he started back, for in the center of the room stood Miss Lindsey.

"Good-bye, Blanche," she was saying. "I shall not be at the wedding, but I wish you every joy."

"Stay, Miss Lindsey!" Allan cried out. "I have something to say to you!"

"Mr. Westlock!" she stammered, while every vestige of color forsook her lovely face, and Blanche stood by in mute surprise.

"Miss Merle," Allan went on abruptly, "I have known ever since you promised to be my wife that I have no hold whatever upon your heart. To-day I have heard what leads me to suppose that you entered into your engagement with me in a moment of pique. Is it true?"

Blanche sank down into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

At the same moment Charley Leonard confronted her with a white and desperate face.

"Tell him the truth before it is too late!" he said hoarsely. "You love me, Blanche. You belong to me!"

"Yes!" she gasped, flinging herself upon his breast, and bursting into tears. "Oh, Charley, Charley! Why did you take me at my word? Why did you go away?"

A look of unspeakable relief came over Allan's face.

"Thank God it is not too late!" he said fervently. "Blanche, you are free. Forgive me, but I have never loved you. I—ah—Miss Lindsey, are you ill?"

The slight graceful figure swayed forward, and fell half-fainting into his arms.

"Come away!" Charley whispered; and Allan was left alone with that lovely white face resting upon his breast.

Her delicate eyelids unclosed in a moment, and she struggled to support herself.

"Sit down," he said, drawing her into a chair, "and tell me, once for all, did you mean what you said in this letter?"

Then he gave her the sheet to read.

"There was some mistake," she faltered. "I wrote to you and to Blanche on the same afternoon; I sent you part of her letter, and her part of yours; but indeed I did not say this—that—that—— Oh, there was something left out! I am sure there was—something on the other sheet. I forgot——"

Allan caught her hand in his.

"Nora," he said in deep thrilling tones, "the loss of you nearly killed me, for I worship you with my whole soul! There has been some mistake; but one thing you did say. You said you would not marry a man you did not love. Darling, may I—dare I hope you will marry me?"

He gathered her into his arms as he spoke, and her lips were so close he could easily hear the half-whispered "Yes!"

"Which means?" he asked tenderly.

"That I love you very much."

The last ray of doubt was cleared away when Blanche brought her letter to patch out what she called the "epistolary puzzle."

"You know me too well to think that I am only flirting with Mr. Westlock," etc., was the way the letter read then, and Allan was wholly satisfied.

"Plug Whisky."

A Pittsburg man has discovered a way of making solidified whisky, forming it into pocket plugs just like tobacco. Besides that, he says he can also distil it in liquid form so that it will be the exact equivalent of two and three-year-old whisky when it comes out of the still.

Said the inventor to a reporter: "To make my solidified whisky I must have the pure alcohol, and that's where the difficulty comes in. I can do nothing with the stuff that is in vogue. When I laid my claims before the government they sent inspectors from Pittsburg out to my place with alcohol for me to demonstrate my ideas. They said the alcohol was perfectly pure. I have a 'separator' that I have patented and with it I showed them what impurities existed in the stuff they brought. Subsequently I went to the city myself and tried everywhere to get pure alcohol. Finding at last a reliable drug store they sold me nine gallons of what they guaranteed pure, unadulterated alcohol. I took it home, put it in my separator, and what do you think I found it was made of? Well, in one gallon of it I found four ounces of vitriol, two ounces of essence of cayenne pepper, and God only knows what the other fifth in it was, I don't, and I was a distiller the most of my life. In all Pittsburg I can't get a drop of pure alcohol. I offered a Westmoreland county distillery $15 for a gallon of the pure stuff, but he refused to make it for me. So you see my solidified whisky will be the pure article, and reform the terrible adulterations of the present day."

It was further learned that a man could carry a plug of this whisky in his pocket, and when thirsty can pull it out, dissolve off a chip of it in a tumbler of water, or else take a "chaw" as he would of tobacco. It would be especially valuable over the present liquid, as it would save leakage. During battles the whisky carried by the armies for medicine or stimulants has been lost at the time when needed most by the barrels or vessels being riddled with bullets. The boxes about solid whisky might be shattered, but during or after the battle the cakes of alcohol could easily be gathered up uninjured.

A Knotty Question.

A Washington gossip says: I heard a very good anecdote a day or two ago from Chauncey Depew about Rutter, now the president of the New York Central railroad. Commodore Vanderbilt picked Rutter up when he was acting freight agent on the Erie railroad. He was paid $15,000 to go over to the Central and take charge of their transportation business. Rutter was a slim young fellow with a ruddy face and a prematurely gray mustache, and he never got over being surprised with himself at his remarkable growth in the railroad business. There came up a decidedly knotty problem one day not long after he took hold of the Central's business. Rutter did not know what to do, and so he walked into the commodore's office and stated the case to the old gentleman. Said the commodore: "Jim, what does the railroad pay you?"

"Fifteen thousand a year, sir."

"What for?"

"For taking charge of the transportation business."

"Well, then, if we pay you for that why do you come to me? Do you want me to earn your salary for you?"

Rutter took the hint. He went right out, made a decision in the knotty problem, realizing that if he wasn't competent for the duties the company would make short work with him, and if he was competent it required difficult problems like that in question to show his competency. From that time until he became president of the great corporation he never asked anybody's advice about his action. He did what he did shouldering the responsibility and expected to stand or fall by it. So it happens that this man, who a few years ago was handling baggage at an obscure station on the Erie road, is now president of one of the greatest corporations in the world.

A Commotion at Sea.

A passenger on the just arrived steamer from Australia says that on the second day out from Melbourne the passengers were amazed to behold a little swarthy-faced, black-eyed man emerge from his state-room in full jockey costume—boots, whip, spurs, silk jacket and all. In this attire he solemnly paced up and down the deck for an hour and then disappeared.

The next morning the same party appeared attired in the half armor of a knight of the middle ages, and the same afternoon emerged in a gorgeous Cardinal's dress and continued his dignified promenade without speaking a word to any one.

The fact that all these costumes were a world too large for the wearer made this masquerading the more grotesque, and the passengers watched each transformation with increasing merriment until it was suddenly whispered around that the fellow was a madman who imagined himself going to a perpetual series of masked balls, and that any opposition to his delusion would provoke him to fury.

The strange passenger rattled the nerves of the company very much the next morning by appearing as a Bedouin Arab, armed with a cruel-looking cimetar, but when shortly after dinner he showed up as a Piute Indian, carrying a blood-curdling tomahawk and scalping knife, the women and children locked themselves in their state-rooms, while a committee of gentlemen hunted up the captain and filed an indignant protest against allowing the maniac to remain at large.

"Maniac be blowed!" growled the sailor. "Don't you know that Davidson, the actor, is on board?"

"What of it?"

"Why, that's his body servant. He is simply airing his master's wardrobe to keep it from molding."

And the committee "set 'em up."—*San Francisco Post.*

Bachelors in New York

An unmarried man spends a very snug little fortune in New York without dissipating to any large extent. Supposing he takes a small suite of rooms in a fashionable apartment-house, eats at his club, keeps a road horse and wagon, and gives half a dozen dinner parties in a year. At this rate, his rent will cost $2,500, his meals at the club or fashionable restaurants about $3,000, his horse's board and his club dues about $1,000 more, his entertainment an additional $500, and that makes a total of $7,000. Throwing in $1,000 more for losses at cards, it will be seen that a bachelor can live in comparative comfort here for $10,000 a year. Of course, it is to be presumed he has furnished his rooms, paid for his horse and wagon, and paid the initiation at his club, before these expenditures begin. This is much less expensive than it would be if he married and attempted to live in a corresponding style. As a rule, a man's expenses, if he be of any social prominence, are usually increased after marriage rather than diminished. His club dues and other personal expenses are apt to go on just as before, and he has, in addition, to supply his wife and family with the luxuries and necessaries of life. A bachelor with $10,000 a year can live in the same social circles with millionaires, and do his share of the entertaining. If he marries, however, and his income remains $10,000 a year, he must drop out of the swim of his bachelor days. This is the reason for so many bachelors in New York.

"There's nothing for a bachelor to do in New York, nowadays," said an old timer, in a complaining tone. "I haven't had any fun since the volunteer fire department was disbanded."—*Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Good Advice to the Sick.

If the doctors sometimes make us uncomfortable, they can also cheer us up occasionally. If they frequently sadden us by telling us that there is death and disease in the pot, the tea-kettle, the beer-bottle, and the cigar-case, and that most of the things that we eat, drink, wear, or do are unhealthy, they console us by showing us that the human organism is a great deal tougher than is often supposed. Everyone will be gratified to learn from Dr. Mortimer Granville that there is good medical authority for the popular belief that a man is as well as he believes himself to be. Dr. Granville's advice to the sick man is, in brief, not to believe the doctor or anybody else who tells him that he is very ill and likely to die. Even the patient who has an incurable disease, says the doctor rather paradoxically, may live just as long as anybody else. Only let him hope. More things are done by hope than this world wots of. Let a sufferer only firmly make up his mind that he is going to get well, and in many cases his confidence will be justified, and he may throw physic to the dogs. We do not quite grasp the scientific reasons for this; but it is at any rate consolatory to hear it. If the medical men would always talk like this how grateful we should be to them. —*St. James's Gazette.*

Glass is becoming fashionable as a protection to oil paintings, and as a safeguard against moths and damp the backs of valuable pictures are covered with rubber cloth.

Sin and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand in hand just as if they were.

Let every man do the best he knows, and if he is not a fool he will do about right.

If the greatest man on earth commits an injury a good man can at once make himself greater than he by forgiving it.

We are often selfish in our love, desiring more to be loved in return than to benefit the objects of our affections.

No life can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife, and all life not be pure and strong thereby.—Owen Meredith.

A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

There is a little ground mole which has for several years had its hole close to the station at Devon, on the Pennsylvania railroad. It has never been molested and accordingly goes about with great freedom. It is said to be an unfailing barometer, and for several summers it has never been seen to come out without rain occurring within 12 hours afterwards.

A young theological student, not far from Boston, recently invited a young lady to attend a concert. The damsel's answer to the invitation was in this wise: "If you come as a 'temporary supply I must decline your invitation. I am only hearing regular candidates." He didn't supply.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

Rev. Mrs. L. G. Lomick, the evangelist, was the officiating clergywoman at a wedding in Columbus, Ohio, last week. 'Tis well. If a woman can tie a matrimonial knot as firmly and gordianically as she can tie the immovable knot in a boy's necktie, never a thought of divorce will follow the marriage service which she performs.—Hawkeye.

Fanny Field, in the Ohio Farmer, recommends fumigation with carbolic acid as a cure for gapes, or next best, the use of sulphur. The chickens are to be put in the upper half of a box or barrel, with slats for them to stand on, and burn the acid or sulphur in the lower half, taking care not to suffocate the patients. Sometimes a pill of camphor the size of a pea will affect a cure

Without mounting up by degrees, a man cannot attain to high things; and the breaking of the ladder casteth a man back, and maketh the thing wearisome, which was easy—Sir P. Sidney.

There is a tint of purple noticeable in all the new blue fabrics, and some satins and silks are of an intense purple shade. White satin, brocaded with purple velvet pansies, is exceedingly rich, and is used for panels, vest, and tablier in combination with Ottoman or other heavy silk material.

"Well, Pat," was asked of a recently arrived emigrant, "and how do you like America?" "It's a foine country, sor.' "Have you succeded in getting work yet?" "No, sor; but I have a frind in Washington who is after getting me a pension."

Bronze shoes have taken the place of patent leather and French kid for little girls. Those made of alligator skin look very pretty when finished with a bow of brown satin ribbon and worn with dark brown stockings.

Though God has promised to guide his inquiring children in the way that is right, he has nowhere promised to make this way now seem right to their friends or neighbors, or even to themselves."—Haliburton.

Charming little caps, composed of velvet and lace, appear in all colors, and will be much worn with breakfast toilets at the different watering places during the summer.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside.

Youth sucks the sugar coating and old age chews the bitter pill of life.

W. N. U. D—2—27